

Alfa Centauri

Or it could also be different.
 Only the entangled voice, flexible bodies, stems,
 a gentle bestiary instead of animals
 until after you've recognised the signs. Snow on the face.
 Lakes in the sea. You remember only the last line
 Just now will you catch the stone spiral in a trap for light:
 we have made love before being born. In the March snow
 a moonstone. The boy angel holds the whole sky with his soul.
 We'll be lost together in loss. I'm nothing of what
 I am part. I pretend that there's no shadow beyond my body.
 Only a silent diamond under your hand. A double-winged
 knife, foothills
 into which I move unaware. Crag, hot backs, defiles.
 A fertile mythology: the transparency of the routes of birds.
 A bird falls deep beneath my feet. It widens the rift in both
 directions.
 Double-mouth. Unvoiced speech. You wish to close
 what should remain open. Unknown languages wander through us.
 Fitting tightly to the limits of escaping rays.
 Lord, how it blazes. The animals crouched within us guard
 the last warmth.

(Translated by Viera and James Sutherland-Smith)